

"Knocked Into a Cocked Hat."

THE meaning of this expression is not generally known. "Cocked hat" was a variety of the game of ten pins, in which only three were used, set up at angles of a triangle. When, in bowling at ten pins, all were knocked down except the three at the corners, the set was said to be "knocked into a cocked hat."

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Leoncia and Francis Plot to Rescue Henry From Hands of His Enemies.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaner, decided to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islanders, are both descendants of Sir Henry Morgan. Francis discovers the resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South America. Francis encounters Alvarez Torres again. Francis is saved from death on a gallows and Henry is released in his place. Leoncia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis.

"Nothing," was the answer, except that we do not need him and that I'm not exactly infatuated with him. He is a fool and would spoil any plan. Look at the way he fell down on testifying at my trial. Maybe he can't be trusted. I don't know. Anyway, what's the good of trusting him when we don't need him? Now his plan is all right. We'll go straight to the jail and take Henry out, if all of you are game for it. And we don't need to trust to a mob of untrained rascals and beach-sweepings. If the six men of us can't do it we might as well quit."

"There must be at least a dozen guards always hanging out at the jail," Ricardo, Leoncia's youngest brother, a lad of eighteen, objected. Leoncia, her eagerness alive, again, frowned at him, but Francis took his part.

"Well taken," he agreed. "But we will eliminate the guards." "The five-foot walls," said Martinez Solano, twin brother to Francis. "Go through them," Alvarez answered.

"But how?" Leoncia cried. "That's what I am arriving at. You, Senor Solano, have plenty of saddle horses? Good! And you, Alessandro, does it chance you could procure me a couple of sticks of dynamite from around the plantation? Good, and better than good! And you, Leoncia, as the lady of the hacienda, should know whether you have in your storeroom a plentiful supply of that three-star rye whiskey? Ah! the plot thickens!" he laughed on receiving her assurance. "Now, listen—But wait. I want to know, Leoncia, about private theatricals—"

CHAPTER V.

It was in the mid afternoon, and Henry, at his barred cell window, stared out into the street and wondered if a breeze would ever begin to blow from old Chiriqui lagoon and cool the stagnant air. The street was dusty and filthy—filthy because the only scavenger it had ever known since the town was founded centuries before were the carrion dogs and buzzards even then prowling and hopping about in the debris. Low, whitewashed buildings of stone and adobe made the street a furnace.

The white of it all, the dust, was almost intolerable to the eyes, and Henry would have withdrawn his gaze had not the several ragged mozos, dozing in a doorway opposite, suddenly aroused and looked interestedly up the street. Henry could not see, but he could hear the rattling spokes of some vehicle coming at speed. Next it surged into view, a rattler-trap light wagon drawn by a runaway horse. In the seat a gray-headed, gray-bearded ancient strove vainly to check the animal.

An Odd Accident. Henry smiled and marveled that the rickety wagon could hold together, so prodigious were the bumps and jumps imparted to it by the deep ruts. Every wheel, half dished and threatening to dish, wobbled and revolved out of line with every other wheel, and if the wagon held intact, Henry judged, it was a miracle that the crazy harness did not fly to pieces.

When directly opposite the window the old man made a last effort, half standing up from the seat as he pulled on the reins. One was rotten and broke. As the driver fell backward into the seat his weight on the remaining rein caused the horse to swerve sharply to the right.

What happened then—whether a wheel dished or whether a wheel had come off first and dished afterward, Henry could not determine. The one incontestable thing was that the wagon was a wreck. The old man, dragging in the dust and stubbornly hanging on to the remaining rein, swung the horse in a circle until it stopped facing him and snorting at him.

By the time he gained his feet a crowd of mozos was forming about him. These were roughly shouldered right and left by the gendarmes who erupted from the jail. Henry remained at the window, and for a man with but few hours to live, was an amused spectator and listener to what followed. Giving his horse to a gendarme to hold, not stopping to brush the fifth from his person, the old man limped hurriedly to the wagon and began an examination of the several packing boxes, large and small, which composed its load. Of one case he was especially solicitous, even trying to lift it and seeming to listen as he lifted.

He straightened up on being addressed by the gendarmes and made voluble reply. "Me? Alas, senors, I am an old man and I am blind. I am blind, senors. My father was Baltazar de Jesus y Cervantes e Narvaez, son of General Narvaez, of martial memory, who fought under the great Bolivar himself. And now I am half ruined and far from home."

Prompted by other questions, interlarded with the courteous expressions of sympathy with which

even the humblest mozo is overgenerously supplied, he managed to be politely grateful and to run on with his talk. "I have been driven from Bocas del Toro. It has taken me five days, and business has been poor. My home is in Colon, and I wish I were safely there. But even a noble Navarrez may be a peddler, and even a peddler must live, ch. senors, is it not so? But tell me, is there not a Tomas Romero who dwells in this pleasant city of San Antonio?" "There are any God's number of Tomas Romeros who dwell everywhere in Panama," laughed Pedro Zurita, the assistant jailer. "One would need a full description."

"He is the cousin of my second wife," the ancient answered hopefully, and seemed bewildered by the roar of laughter from the crowd. "Ray of Hope."

"And a dozen Tomas Romeros live in and about San Antonio," the assistant jailer went on, "any one of which may be your second wife's cousin, senor. There is a Tomas Romero, the drunkard. There is Tomas Romero, the thief. There is Tomas Romero—but no, he was hanged a month back for murder and robbery. There is the rich Tomas Romero, who owns many cattle on the hills. There is—"

To each suggested one, Leopold Narvaez had shaken his head dolefully, until the cattle-owner was mentioned. At this he had become hopeful and broke in:

"Pardon me, senor, it must be he, or some such one as he. I shall find him. If my precious stock-in-trade can be safely stored, I shall seek him now. It is well my misfortune came upon me where it did. I shall be able to trust with you, who are, one can see with half an eye, an honest and an honorable man. As he talked, he fumbled forth from his pocket two silver pesos and handed them to the jailer. "There, I wish you and your men to have some pleasure of assisting me."

Henry grinned to himself as he noted the access of interest in the old man and of consideration for him on the part of Pedro Zurita and the gendarmes, caused by the present of the coins. They showed the more curious of the crowd roughly back from the wrecked wagon and began to carry the boxes into the jail.

"Careful, O senors, careful," the old man pleaded, greatly anxious, as they took hold of the big box. "Handle it gently, it is of value, and it is fragile, most fragile."

While the contents of the wagon were being carried into the jail, the old man removed and deposited in the wagon all harness from the horse save the bridle.

A Parting Shot. Pedro Zurita ordered the harness taken in as well, explaining, with a glare at the miserable crowd: "Not a strap, or buckle, would remain the second after our backs were turned."

Using what was left of the wagon for a stepping block, and ably assisted by the jailer and his crews, the peddler managed to get astride his animal.

"It is well," he said, and added gratefully: "A thousand thanks, senors. It has been my good fortune to meet with honest men with whom my goods will be safe—only poor goods, peddlers' goods, you understand; but to move everything my way upon the road. The pleasure has been mine to meet you. Tomorrow I will return with my kinsman, whom I certainly shall find, and relieve from you the burden of safeguarding my inconsiderable property." He doffed his hat. "Adios, senors, adios!"

He rode away at a careful walk, the timid of the animal he bestrode, which had caused his catastrophe. He halted and turned his head at a call from Pedro Zurita. "Search the graveyard, Senor Narvaez," the jailer advised. "Full a hundred Tomas Romeros lie there. And be vigilant, I beg of you, senor, of the heavy box; the peddler called back."

Henry watched the street grow deserted as the gendarmes and the sun. Small wonder, he thought to himself, that the old peddler's voice had sounded vaguely familiar. It had been because he had possessed only half a Spanish tongue, to twist around the language—the other half being the German tongue of the mother. Even so, he talked like a native, and he would be robbed like a native if there were anything of value in the heavy box deposited with the jailers. Henry concluded, ere dismissing the incident from his mind.

In the guardroom, a scant fifty feet away from Henry's cell, Leopoldo Narvaez was being robbed. It had been by Pedro Zurita, making a profound and wistful survey of the large box. He lifted one end of it to sample its weight, and sniffed like a hound at the crack of it as if his nose might give him some message of its contents.

"Leave it alone, Pedro," one of the gendarmes laughed at him. "You have been paid two pesos to be honest."

The assistant jailer, walked away and sat down, looked back at the box, and looked again. Continually the eyes of the men roved to the box. A greasy pack of cards could not divert them. The gendarme who had twitted Pedro himself went to the box and sniffed. "I smell nothing," he announced. "Absolutely in the box there is nothing to smell. Now what can it be?" The caballero said that it was of value.

"Caballero!" sniffed another of the gendarmes. "The old man's father was more like to have been a peddler of rotten fish on the streets of Colon and his father before him, every living being claims descent from the conquistadores."

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Very Good Talkers Are Often Very Bad Listeners



Magazine Page



Sports Costume and Dress Hat



Photos by Keystone Photo News Company.

This dress hat of georgette, of a light brown shade, is daintily trimmed with clusters of roses, purple and green grapes.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

ON arriving in the little town of Derby, Puss drew rein before a small eating house and after fastening the feed bag to his horse's head, went inside to order something for himself.

But Puss was a wise little cat. He did not intend to have her insult him, or to let her imagine for an instant that she could poke fun at him. So he asked her whether she had eyes in her boots, and this so embarrassed her that she dropped the salt cellar on her foot and overturned the pepper box.

Well, just as Puss was about to begin his luncheon, a man entered the dining room and picked up the food in front of Puss and ran away. "A little old man of Derby. How do you think he served me? He took away my bread and cheese. And that is how he served me."

said Puss to his good gray horse. "I'm not going to stay in this town another minute." "Well, then, little master, get on my back. We'll soon leave it behind us," said the faithful steed. So off they went, and as they passed the market place, they saw the man and his ram in the midst of a great crowd.

"There is our friend, the man whose ram is such a wonder," said Puss. The man was having a good deal of difficulty in trying the ram's tail to the market bell, for the ram wouldn't stand still. He evidently didn't care about being a bell ringer, and I don't blame him. At length the tail was made fast and then! Well, sir, the people in Derby had never heard a bell ring the way that one did.

He pulled it up and down, sir. He pulled it back and west, sir. He rolled it south and north. And then he pulled it down, sir. From off its beam of oak, and yanked it down the street, sir. Until the old thing broke.

"Ha, ha," laughed Puss, and he rode out of the town on his good gray horse and went merrily on his journey of adventure.

"And next time I'll tell you what happened after that." Copyright, 1919, David Cory. To Be Continued.

Unexpected Testimonial. "Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that, she won't take it," said a small boy. The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like customers who are particular, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy." "Be sure and get the same kind," said the small boy. "A lot of pa's relatives are visiting our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again!"

At the Bazaar. "Why don't you buy something at my stall?" demanded a girl at a charity bazaar. "Because I only buy from the homely looking girls," said the man. They find it harder to make sales.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Cigarettes are sometimes made of leaves of the coffee plant. Many who have tried them prefer them to tobacco cigarettes.

It is believed that the driest place in the world is that portion of Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea. Rain has never been known to fall there.

To keep patent leather shoes in good condition, rub them with a little olive oil occasionally, and then polish them with a soft cloth; this will keep the leather from cracking.

Norway Is Hopeful. Then, precisely as if he had heard my chaotic thoughts, Anthony Norreys answered me:

"Anne, our Betty will win through. She's been enduring more pain, no doubt. They'll cure that. And scars don't matter. Betty'll love that soon—when Terry's love teaches it to her. She has a big love to bless her. And love comes from every side to her beauty and—splendor. Don't grieve too sorely over Betty."

Then strangely enough I found that it wasn't Betty but Anthony Norreys over whom I was grieving. For he was wounded and maimed, and he had neither beauty nor love to compensate him. So I went over and laid my hand on the wrist above that gloved wooden substitute for the right hand.

"What a friend you are! What a friend!" I said. "What a friend you are! Betty is rich in you and Vee. Whatever comes you girls must make sure that Betty sees nobody else as crippled—except in his own mind. The wounds that have come out of the war are going to secure for life's slave-children—the lame and the deformed—their rightful place at life's table. Don't pity Betty. Promise me you won't do that, whatever happens. Just love her."

We promised. And then, after arranging to have the car in readiness as soon as I heard from Terry, Anthony Norreys took Virginia home. As she kissed me good by I noticed how tired and wan she looked.

"Now what am I going to do?" I found myself asking of space when they had gone. It was only 5 o'clock—and the prospect of the hours until Jim should come home and I could talk it all over with him, seemed interminably long. I had so much to tell him, running the gamut from our discovery of Betty's whereabouts to the loving farewell kiss Virginia had given me. So it was with a shock like the prickle of cold spray that I remembered that Jim had said he might not be home to dinner.

Then the phone rang. It was Carlotta Sturges inquiring for Betty. I told her our news. "What are you going to let me know?" she asked almost reproachfully.

Remembering all her kindly interest, I answered her that I would have phoned her, and I think I meant it in spite of my discovery that her father's company had ruined Jim's father. After all, vengeance was not mine. And in spite of her father's business methods and her own friendship with Pat Dalton, Carlotta Sturges had won a right to my kindness.

A long, lonely interval after Carlotta's call, and then the telephone again. It was Jim. I blurted out that we had found Betty.

"Great! Bully! Didn't I tell you so?" he cried, almost absently. "Now you'll be in a mood to celebrate my forming a new firm. Meet me at the Occident Theater at 8:15."

"But, Jim—must I have dinner alone?" I cried. "Oh, cheer up; that won't hurt you. Just think how happy you are about Betty and cut out the whimpering. Meet me at 8:15, and mind you look sweet. No grouching now."

"All right," I promised. "But you haven't told me who's in the new firm. Jim—Jim—"

But Jim had rung off. (To Be Continued.)

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the signing at Runnymede in 1215 of the Magna Charta, the great foundation of freedom in England. The document, signed by King John, assured the supremacy of the will of the people over the will of the King. Charles I. tried to override these principles over 400 years later, and lost his head.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Betty Is Found, and Jim Informs Anne That He Is One Member of a New Firm

By Anne Lisle.

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CHAPTER CXXXVIII. WHEN Virginia seized the telephone from Anthony Norreys and insisted on being the one to speak to Betty's companion, Miss Moss, I felt that my sister-in-law's character had come to a grave test. Would Virginia think coldly and selfishly in terms of herself? Or would she visualize the situation warmly and generously for Betty's greatest happiness.

But when she talked over the telephone to Miss Moss, Virginia was wonderful. She said that of us all it was only I who'd been inspired to discover this way of reaching Betty, and that some of us would come down in the morning. Thin she gave herself to catechizing Miss Moss. When she turned from the telephone her face wore an expression that was almost sheepish. It was easy to see that Virginia wasn't in the habit of giving in to any one, and was rather ashamed of what she evidently thought was her own weakness.

"Betty didn't want to worry us," Virginia said. "She was going to have Miss Moss' phone tomorrow. There was just a little operation on her arm, and she preferred to have it nicely over before she told us about it. It's all right now, Miss Moss assured me. She won't lose the use of her arm. It's her right arm. Oh, Betty's too good to be true."

"Betty Bryce is a glorious woman," said Anthony Norreys reverently.

A glow lighted his thin face, and my eyes turned very humbly to the glove that showed beneath his right sleeve. I seemed to hear again the simple words he had spoken at our first meeting.

"They got the good old right hand back in the days when Terry and I were together at Verdun."

And now Betty! Our beautiful, proud Betty. That gesture of hers as she had stood so often before me with her scarred white hand against her lips. War's aftermath is so cruel. I sent up a quick little prayer that I might see Betty again with her hand against her lips, and then came the thought of the pain and the fear that gesture must have indicated. What fear had Betty scarred white hand pressed back from screaming its way out of her throat in a terrified plea for help?

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Willie Carelessly Put Down His Violin Case While Waiting for the Car.

By FONTAINE FOX.



AND FLOOEY! WENT HIS WELL LAID PLAN TO DODGE HIS MUSICAL PRACTICE WHILE AT THE SEA SHORE